

RESPICE FINEM.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with just enough breeze and cloud to chequer a bright emerald sea with bands of purple shadow. I was lounging in the verandah after lunch, waiting for JOSEPHINE. I had, indeed, been so occupied for the greater part of an hour.

The boat had been ordered for 2.30. Down on the jetty I could see BILGE hanging on to her with a boathook, from time to time scratching his head through the top of his cap as he glanced up at the house. It was past three o'clock.

I rose, and knocking the ashes out of my pipe began to refill it. One pipe is my allowance after lunch, and I found myself blaming JOSEPHINE for causing me to exceed it. I was utterly at a loss to account for her non-appearance. I had known her to take as much as five and twenty minutes to put on a hat, but that was usually on Sundays. To equip herself for an hour's sail could in no way that I could imagine entail elaborate preparation.

Poor BILGE was still keeping an eye on me as I stood smoking upon the steps in front of the house. He was evidently expecting a signal. I wished that by waving my arms after the manner of the coastguard I could have assured him that patience was a virtue, or that all things come to those who know how to wait, or conveyed to him indeed any of the exasperating adages appropriate to the occasion. But, doubting the capacity of the code as a consoler as well as my own as a semaphore, I contented myself with shaking my hand in the air like a schoolgirl seeing a train off. It was only meant to cheer him up a bit, but I observed that he immediately pulled

down the sail, and proceeded to make the *Flying Fish* fast at her moorings again.

I groaned, and ran into the hall.

"JOSEPHINE!" I shouted, though I knew how futile it was to attempt to hurry her, "it's after half-past three! BILGE thinks we don't want the boat."

"Why?" asked a calm, far-away voice from the upper regions.

I did not answer. I—let us say, groaned again, and going back to my deck-chair in the verandah threw myself therein.

Ten minutes later JOSEPHINE emerged.



"THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING CONVERSATION."

LADY MADEL (trying to make rural feast "do.")

Do you take an interest in the Fiscal Policy down here, Mr. Giles?

GILES, (embarrassed, after seeking inspiration from his neighbour) N-O-A.

(End of Lady Madel's Effort)

To the eye of a mere male there was absolutely nothing in her toilet to justify the delay. She proceeded to look me over from top to toe. I could not trust myself to speak.

"EUSTACE," she said peremptorily, "you've got a big hole in the heel of your sock. Go and change them, dear."

"What on earth," I exploded, "does it matter in a boat? Whatever have you been doing all this time?"

"Having a bath," she replied quietly; "we may both be drowned, you know. And, EUSTACE, I shouldn't like you to be found with that hole in your sock."

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

IV.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
One of those rare elusive things
Detained this side the *Ewigkeit*
Through temporary want of wings;
Our world was not her proper place,
Rather she seemed a priceless relic
Of Faërieland's enchanted grace,
She was so birdlike, so angelic.

I often wondered what she ate;
She looked as though she lived on air,
Or, if she fed from off a plate,
Would only touch ambrosial fare;
No man that dealt in butcher's meat
Had ever been allowed to victual
With stuff we common mortals eat
A form so exquisitely brittle.

Such were my views when first I fell,
In salad days still fairly green,
Beneath the spiritual spell
Of my unearthly *EMMELINE*;
She had on me a marked effect:
Each moment spent in gazing at her
Tended to make me more select,
And purge my soul of grosser matter.

And yet a fear assailed my mind,
When I reviewed my purposed vows,
Whether a being so refined
Would make a good domestic spouse;
Would she, as fits a faithful wife
(The thought already left me thinner),
Count it her chief concern in life
To see that I enjoyed my dinner?

She whom (I guessed) a currant bun
Sufficed for hunger's faint appeals—
Would she respect, when we were one,
My prejudice for decent meals?
Anxious for some assuring sign
To clinch my hesitating passion,
I asked my angel out to dine
At London's first resort of Fashion.

She came. She passed a final word
Upon the *bisque*, the *Mornay* sole,
The *poulet* (said she thought the bird
Shewed at its best *en casserole*);
She found the *parfait* "quite first-rate,"
Summed up the *chef* as "rather handy,"
Knew the *Lafitte* for '88,
And twice encoored a fine old brandy.

I own I felt an inward pain,
When she put off her seraph airs,
To find I had to entertain
An earthly angel unawares;
I merely asked her there to test
Her aptness for a wifely calling,
And never dreamed that she possessed
A special knowledge so appalling!

Frankly, she went a shade too far.
It was a shock—I feel it still—
To learn that what I deemed a star
Was just an ember off the grill!

Well, twenty years or so have gone,
And now I meet her (ah! the pity!),
A puffy matron serving on
The "New Amphitryon Club" Committee.

O. S.

"WILLIE BRUE'D A PECK"—O' NONSENSE.

Sergeant Brue, a musical farce at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, plot and libretto by OWEN HALL, with lyrics by J. H. WOOD, music by Madame LIZA LEHMANN, and played by Mr. FRANK CURZON's capital company, having had but an indifferent start at the Strand Theatre, is now pursuing a most successful course at the Prince of Wales's. It seems a pity that an idea so original as this, on which the nonsensical piece is founded, should not have been dramatically worked out and artistically developed into a genuine comedy of real life. "Instead of which," as the magistrate said, its striking opportunities are frittered away in songs and dances of a well-known type, and in utterly extravagant yet always amusing absurdities, where there is always plenty of rhyme but very little reason. In spite of his extravagances, Mr. EDOUIN, as the policeman who has suddenly succeeded to a large property, keeps up the character throughout, except when he appears as a most finished dancer, an art in which it is most improbable that a flat-footed, stiff-jointed policeman could ever have shone.

The First Act, as far as Mr. EDOUIN's *Policeman Brue* is concerned, is a domestic comedy that, but for the nonsensical singing and dancing, might have been the commencement of a really good play. Here Mr. EDOUIN is excellent. And all the principals who take part in the First Act, which in its essence is comedy, namely, Mr. FARREN SOUTAR as *Brue's* son, Miss OLIVE MORRELL as his daughter, Miss MILLIE LEGARDE as the scheming lady, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as the detected thief, and Mr. EDWARD KIPLING as the dry business-like solicitor, acquit themselves, every one of them, as accomplished comedians. They, with WILLIE EDOUIN, have, Willie nilly, to interrupt their acting by breaking out into utterly irrelevant song and dance, being thereto compelled by the *force majeure* of author, lyricist, and composer.

After this First Act the author lets comedy go by the board, and, with his talented assistants, making up a sort of band of Pied Pipers, sets all the company dancing, gambolling, singing, through three Acts of, it must be admitted, very entertaining nonsense, into the fun of which the audience most willingly enter.

Miss MILLIE LEGARDE, as *Lady Bickenhall*, with songs, capital imitations (specially of the coon singing), and dances, is, after Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN, one of the "lives and souls" of the piece.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, giving us another phase of the tramp, in which he made so marked a hit in *The Message from Mars*, delights the audience. His by-play is perfect, and he is never out of the picture. The audience enjoy everything done by him and Mr. EDOUIN, as also, it is evident, do the actors and actresses.

The music throughout is tuneful and full of go, though there is a certain sameness in the arrangement of verse and chorus, which might have been avoided by so clever a musician as Madame LIZA LEHMANN. Mr. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH is a pleasing tenor, making the most of a not very effective song; and the choruses, well sung, with a variety of action, by the fascinating "girlies" and the sprightly young swells, are tuneful and full of life.

From first to last the piece, as a "musical farce," is so lively, so bright, and so entertaining that, with Mr. EDOUIN, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS and Miss MILLIE LEGARDE, it will probably achieve a success far greater, and a run far longer, than was ever anticipated for it. So note it be!



SOUR GRAPES.

First Scorer. "CALL THAT KEROSE?"
Second Scorer. "No. I call it BITTING IN A DRAUGHT!"

STANDARD BOOKS
LONDON AND NEW YORK



THE MANUFACTURE OF PSEUDONYMS.

A NUMBER of distinguished women of letters reply in the *Girls' Realm* to the question, "How did you choose your pseudonym?" Never backward in following an illuminating example, *Mr. Punch* has lost no time in subjecting several leading male representatives of the corporation of the goosequill to a similar ordeal.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who was shooting clay pigeons in the poultry-yard of his fine new Tudor mansion when our representative called, courteously laid aside his lethal weapon and furnished the desired information without a moment's hesitation. "My pseudonym," he observed in his bright *staccato* accents, "is an amalgam built up out of four words. The first syllable is taken from *Ruddigore*, my favourite opera, while 'yard' indicates my love of ships and shipping. The first half of my surname comes from kipper, my favourite fish, the second from starling, my favourite bird. Must you go? Then I hope you'll take a brace of these pigeons with you."

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, writing from Swinford Old Manor, says: "My instinctive preference for the trochaic metre naturally impelled me to choose a pseudonym which should illustrate my addiction to that intrepid measure. My Christian name I borrowed from the greatest of our Kings, better known of late years under the affectionate title of 'England's Darling,' while the surname AUSTIN I took after the founder of the State of Texas, a region which, by the superb antinomianism of its inhabitants, has always appealed vividly to my imagination. It is hardly necessary for me to call attention to the alliteration which forms so striking a feature of my name. In this I have followed the example of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WALT WHITMAN, and ALGERNON ASHTON."

In reply to our representative, MR. HALL CAINE said that in choosing his name he was actuated largely by a belief in the efficacy of monosyllables, and instanced the cases of JOHN BULL, MARK TWAIN, GEORGE SAND, BRET HARTE. Next to euphonic considerations, he was governed by a regard for the great law of contrast—the charm of the unexpected, illustrated in this instance by the surprise and delight that readers naturally felt at finding CAINE on the side of the angels. The prefix HALL had a spacious ring about it, suggesting feudal or at least baronial expansion.

MR. BERNARD SHAW explained that his name reflected two prominent traits in his character: his love of dogs, and his contempt for the human intelligence. Originally he had thought of calling himself CHOW POOH, but finally decided on



BY THE SILVER SEA.

THIS IS NOT JONES'S DOG.

ST. BERNARD PSIAW, the subsequent modifications having regard to euphony and his unorthodox views as to canonisation.

MR. LEO MAXSE stated that his pseudonym was an emblem of Imperialism. It was, in short, a case of going one better than *Ursa Major*, MAXSE being a convenient abbreviation for Maximus.

Rainy Prospects, N.B.

[His Grace of CANTERBURY, previous to his departure for America, offered his services, as a friend of all parties, to the Church Disputants in Scotland.]

From His Grace (to Principal Rainy, of the United Free Church). I propose coming north with my comprehensive umbrella, under which you can all take shelter. Yours, CANTUAR.

Principal of U. F. C. (to His Grace). Many thanks. Don't trouble. Only a Scotch mist. Yours, RAINY.

P.S.—Wish you a good time in United States.

Out of the Season.

Country Visitor (to London Friend, who is just off for his holiday). As I'm in town for a few nights I must see some theatres.

London Friend. Almost all closed, my boy.

C. V. Ah! but at those that are open, what are they giving?

L. F. Orders. [Exit precipitately.]

BOZ THE BICYCLIST.—In *Great Expectations*, Chap. XXXVIII., is given a motto for bicyclists. It occurs when Estella comes "to a sudden check," and says "Pip, Pip!" Then she adds, in the polite way that a lady bicyclist might adopt when addressing a stupid person who would not get out of the way, "Will you never take warning?"

BURTON'S NEW "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."—ALLSOPP'S Balance Sheet.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER IV.

The White Rabbit continues his Story.

It was not until some few days after his story had been so unceremoniously interrupted that the White Rabbit was able to continue it. One morning, however, when all was quiet in the garden, the retriever and his friend the cat approached the hutch and settled themselves in an attitude of expectation before the rails. The White Rabbit pretended not to see them, and busied himself in tidying his fur. At last Gamp broke the silence:—

"Bunbutter," she said, "there's nobody about; now's your time."

But the White Rabbit paid no attention to her.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," she continued, "I was about to observe that the circumstances were favourable for the completion of the highly interesting narrative that was begun by you the other day."

"We are all ears," said Rob.

"So is he," whispered the Cat, but the Rabbit fortunately did not hear the observation. As a matter of fact he was dying to continue the story, and needed no further prompting:—

"Let me see," he began, "where had I got to? Ah, yes, I remember now. One morning the King, my father, on coming down to breakfast, was both surprised and shocked at finding my mother in tears."

"Why this affliction?" he asked in his kindest tones, at the same time selecting from the dish on the sideboard the particular poached egg, with its attendant piece of bacon, which the ancient tradition of our House caused to be reserved for the reigning monarch. "Has the coffee-pot refused to work, or has the chief of the scullions again thrown our domestic affairs into confusion by giving warning?"

"My mother smiled a wan smile. She knew my father's habit of light-hearted badinage, and as a rule she thoroughly appreciated his jokes, but on this occasion she seemed to find no comfort in his words. For all answer she rang the bell and, having summoned to her presence the aged Seneschal, she bade him fetch the golden tray of state. When this had been brought she momentarily checked her sobs and laid upon the tray a document which she had been reading before my father entered the room."

"Bear it," she said, with that air of profound dignity which so well became her, "to His Majesty and beg him on my behalf to study it well." Having said this, she again wept copiously into a dry pocket-handkerchief provided for her by the page-in-waiting.

"The Seneschal, supporting the tray in his trembling hands, tottered across the room, and, having with some difficulty fallen upon his knees, laid it before my father. His commission being thus executed he bowed, as was his duty, three times, and crept backwards out of the room. This is what my father read:

"EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF
SABLONIA, P. 2499, 15TH EDITION:

"And it shall come to pass that, if the King and Queen of Sablonia shall after twenty-five years be childless, there shall be born to them a son of surpassing beauty and of unmatched valour. And it is yet further ordained that, having slain in battle the brother of his father, the youth shall thereafter take upon himself the semblance of one that is robed in white fur, and shall continue in this likeness until such time as it shall please a maiden of her love to release him."

"My father, when he had read this document carefully, looked across at my mother."

"Whence," he asked, "came this?"

"It came," said my mother, "in the usual way, by post; but the post-mark is obliterated, and Heaven only knows who sent it."

"It shall be rigorously investigated," said my father. "But, in the meantime, I infer that you are about to present me and the country with an heir to the throne."

"I admit," said my mother, sorrowfully, "that the idea had occurred to me; but, after reading this terrible document, I feel that I ought to think no more about it. Why, the child would be doomed to turn into a white rat or a ferret or something awful of that sort. I assure you I could never bear it."

"As to that," cried my father, now roused to an unwonted pitch of excitement, "I believe no such old wives' tales. We are at peace with Plagiorosa, and shall continue so. How then shall any son of mine slay his uncle in battle? Be brave, my dear, and resume your good intentions. I, the King of Sablonia, promise you that all shall be well."

"My mother, reassured by these noble words, so full of hope and courage, smiled through her tears, and my father giving no more thought to the trifle that had disturbed the morning, continued his breakfast in perfect serenity. A few weeks afterwards, amid the clash of the joy-bells, the shouts of the loyal populace, and the waving of flags, the heralds announced to the people of Sablonia the birth of a long-deferred heir."

Here the White Rabbit broke off.

"I shall complete my story to-morrow," he said. "Now run away and play, like good animals."

AN INN-AUGURATION.

SINCE our recent visit *Le Touquet* has been going ahead. "*Pour accomplir le Rêve*," as the local journal has it, the Atlantic Hotel has been inaugurated. It has only to keep well up to the present level of its neighbour and ally, *L'Hermitage*, for the excellence of whose cuisine this deponent can answer, and its success with French and English visitors ought to be assured.

Of course there was an "inauguration," the inevitable banquet, with lots of toasts, and plenty of butter, graphically described by M. LEVÊQUE (a name which is of good augury as suggestive of an episcopal blessing on its present and future), one of the writers on the *Paris-Plage* newspaper. The French printers seem to have had rather a difficulty with the Yorkshire name of WHITLEY, the indefatigable *entrepreneur*, without whose indomitable perseverance, and the substantial assistance rendered by Mr. STONEHAM, it is most probable that *Le Touquet*, as it is, would never have come into existence. But the spelling of the English names has rather bothered the French compositor, as first of all Mr. WHITLEY appears as "*un penseur incomparable*, M. JOHN WITHELY;" then he comes out correctly as "M. WHITLEY," dropping the "JOHN" as a trifle too familiar; and though giving the name properly four times out of five, yet in one instance the type seems to have become a little faded, and what ought to be "M. JOHN WHITLEY" appears, in our copy at least, as "M. JOHN WHIFLEY." Luckily for the enterprise he is not by any means a "Whifley" sort of person.

The talented reporter had another English name, and title, also to tackle, represented by "Sir HOWARD MELLIS," who appears in his place among the toasts as "*sir lord HOWARD MELLIER*." Go up one, sir lord HOWARD! The date of his creation as a seaside Peer of France is within this present month. All hail! Sir lord HOWARD MELLIER! The more the Mellier!

One word of advice from Mr. Punch's Special Traveller. Keep the place well up and the prices down. In your excellent golf course will be found the links to bind to *Le Touquet* all the Golfing World and his wife. So go ahead!

**SNUBBED.**

Officious Person (who has been boring the Colonel with his conversation). "PERMIT ME, MY DEAR COLONEL; LET ME GIVE YOU 'A HAND——"
Irritable Cripple. "THANKS, BUT IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A COUPLE OF SOUND LEGS I SHOULD PREFER IT."

At St. Drowsee's Within.

Visitor (who has been present at the sermon, to one of the regular congregation). Your clergyman's sermon was rather soporific.

Parishioner. They're always like that. But he is leaving us.

Visitor. I congratulate you. Has he got a good appointment?

Parishioner. Yes, and most suitable. That is, if it be true that he has been offered the living of Great Snoring.

ACCORDING to a report in the *Standard*, Dr. HORTON, while speaking in defence of Passive Resistance, said that "he felt that he was taking his place among those other Englishmen who had fought against what they believed to be wrong, against the interest of their own country, and against the law of God." Dr. HORTON is likely to lose some of his friends if he makes any more of these candid admissions.

CLERICAL HUMOUR.—A certain clergyman, writing to the *Times* last Saturday in defence of his position during the most solemn part of the service, which had been attacked stated that with his congregation genuflection was "a custom of twenty years' standing." The Rev. SIDNEY SMITH himself could not have put it better.

Terrible Conflagration.

(From an Advertisement in a Railway Carriage.)

— & Co. 2000 BEDSTEADS IN STOCK

LARGEST VARIETY IN THE WORLD

ALIGHT AT GOWER STREET STATION.

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION.—For an impecunious sportsman, who has his gun and all essentials ready, but is unable to rent a shooting himself, and awaits, in vain, some friendly invitation:—

"Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!"

Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc. 2.

If the above gentleman would be satisfied with what we must suppose to be the inferior sport of pursuing ground game in one of the Home Counties, we can recommend him to an advertisement in the *Chronicle* which offers:—

"Free Shoot, near Park Station, Tottenham."

WHEN the two Monarchs dined together at Marienbad champagne was forbidden by the rules of the "Cure," but its place seems to have been supplied by any amount of "hoch."

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.**XXII.—ARE WE GROWING PLAINER?**SCENE—*Rimmel's Oatmeal Parlour.*

PRESENT:

*Mr. Bobby Spencer, M.P. (in the chair).**Sir Albert Rollit, M.P.**Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.**Sir James Crichton-Browne.**Mr. Greasley.**Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.**Mr. Bernard Shaw.**Miss Edna May.**La Belle Otero.**Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P.**Mr. Adolf Beck.*

Mr. Bobby Spencer. A writer in one of the cheaper morning papers having promulgated the theory that we are, as a nation, growing plainer, it has been thought well to convene a gathering of representatives of all shades of opinion and beauty to discuss the question and see what should be done.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. I deny that we are growing plainer. The suggestion is merely a catch-penny heading for an article in a sensational paper.

Sir Albert Rollit. And even if we were why draw inferences? Why make a column of it? There are plenty of other subjects. There is the state of the Strand.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. And General Boorn's eliminating trials.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. And disclosures of criminal luxury—"Should Salads be dressed by PAQUIN?"

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Suppose that we have been wrong all the time. Suppose that symmetry is really less beautiful than incident? Suppose that, according to true taste, beyond human compass, it is *Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM* who is plain, and *Mr. GEORGE ROBEY* who is beautiful! What a tragedy!

Sir Gilbert Parker. The prestige of good looks cannot be over-rated. Beauty should be a national ideal. Whether or not we are growing plainer I am not personally in a position to say. But as a legislator I would recommend a more liberal supply of mirrors in public places. One ought to have the opportunity of continually noting development.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Who is to fix the standard? Some people say that dark men alone are handsome; others, fair. Who shall decide?

Mr. Greasley. *Mr. Justice GRANTHAM?*

Miss Edna May. *Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH?*

La Belle Otero. *Sir GILBERT PARKER?*

Sir Gilbert Parker. Oh, no, no! I am too busy. And I am just off to Marienbad.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Little Maryenbad!

Sir Albert Rollit. Why waste time over such a foolish question? Handsome is as handsome does. Beauty at its best is only skin deep.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Is not handsome does as handsome is a better version? In other words, beauty can do no wrong.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. But what is beauty?

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all I know, and that is all I wish to know;

—so KEATS said. In his day everyone was beautiful. KEATS was beautiful, SHELLEY was beautiful.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Why do you call SHELLEY beautiful? BROWNING, who was a fellow poet, is quite of another opinion. He says, "And did you once see SHELLEY plain?"

Sir James Crichton-Browne. I marvel to hear so much loose talk on beauty, as if it were not a definite thing. Beauty can be scientifically analysed and ascertained. For one thing, whiskers.

La Belle Otero. Not for women, surely?

Sir James Crichton-Browne. I refer to manly beauty. The beauty of woman is different—a less important matter, far easier of attainment.

La Belle Otero. Ha!

Miss Edna May. Ho!

Sir Gilbert Parker. Why whiskers? Are not whiskers obsolete, and deservedly so?

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Certainly not.

Sir Gilbert Parker. A pointed beard.

Mr. George Wyndham. No beard but a moustache. The chin should not be concealed. The human anatomy has few charms more positive than a good sensitive chin.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. The premium put upon manly beauty is ridiculous. An ugly man can do everything that a handsome man can do. Look at JOHN WILKES; look at Mr. —

Mr. Greasley. Good looks are certainly no advantage in swimming the Channel.

Mr. George Wyndham. And yet it is pleasant to gaze upon symmetrical features, a bright eye, a trim moustache. It is surely more satisfactory that the strings, say, of office, should be in the hands of an *Adonis* than a *Caliban*.

La Belle Otero. There are quite enough beautiful women, quite. More, and it would be vulgar. Every generation should have the opportunity of paying to see one superlatively lovely woman.

Miss Edna May. One of each kind. There are many varieties. Let there be Free Trade.

Mr. Adolf Beck. After all, what is beauty? The important thing about a man's face is that it should resemble no other man's face. Let me be plain as *THERSITES*, but let me be unique.

Mr. Bobby Spencer (waking). What then do we decide? If I were to give my casting vote I should say that beauty might go. It is certainly not essential to the agricultural labourer. It is a mistake to plough in a six-inch collar.

Sir Gilbert Parker. The old saying that beauty unadorned is adorned the most is a fallacy. Beauty wants dressing.

Sir Albert Rollit. Yes; as the poet says—"O the little hat and how much it is!"

[*Exeunt undecided whether to continue plain or otherwise.*]

WAS OMAR KHAYYAM A GOLFER?

It is certainly strange, considering how much attention has been given to the *Rubáiyát* in recent years, that nobody has even raised this question. Most people, it is true, could quote at least a portion of one quatrain that has a direct and undeniable bearing upon the Game:

The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes.

But one must not argue from single instances, and the object of this article is to show that there is a continuous thread of golfing allusions running right through the Quatrains. The evidence overwhelms utterly the theory of accident and coincidence. Thus Quatrain 10, beginning

With me along this strip of Herbage strown . . . contains an exact and succinct description of the choicest golfing ground, and indicates that OMAR had a justifiably low opinion of arable land for the purposes of the game. The next stanza, the most familiar of all, requires only the very slightest of textual emendations. Clearly its third line should run—

Beside me swinging in the Wilderness.

Quatrain 14, beginning

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon,
is concerned with the average man's futile pursuit of what he calls his TRUE FORM, although the verse has been interpreted in a more general sense.

Quatrain 19—

And this reviving Herb, whose tender green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean . . . is a cheerful remark made during the recovery of a ball from a water-hazard. "Ah, lean upon it lightly!" may well be an instruction to an impetuous caddie, in consequence of the rottenness of the bank after heavy rain.

Quatrain 22, which mentions how some

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
clearly refers to the perils of afternoon tea on long summer days.

Quatrain 25, beginning

Why, all the . . . Sages who discussed. . .

is a scathing denunciation of the multiplying of golf tutors and manuals.

Quatrain 30—

What, without asking, hither hurried WHENCE?
And, without asking, WHITHER hurried hence?
epitomises a round of alternate slicing
and pulling.

Quatrain 32—

There was a Door to which I found no key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see . . .
establishes the important fact that the
Poet never succeeded in reducing him-
self to Scratch. Probably his handicap
was 12, if not more.

Quatrain 41 is one of the most difficult
in the whole poem:

For "is" and "is not", though with Rule and
Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWNS" without, I could define. . .

A little consideration shows that the first
verse refers to a stymie, so doubtful that
it must be tested with a pocket-measure.
"Up-and-down" hints at what is known
as the "Headsman" style of attacking
the ball. "Without," one may hazard
a guess, means "without a follow-
through," a defect inseparable from this
style of play.

Quatrain 42—

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

records a visit to a course, on a daily
ticket, where the Poet and his partner,
not being introduced by a member, had
not the run of the bar.

Quatrain 51—

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on . . .
Nor all thy tears wash out a Word of it . . .

clearly refers to Medal-Day at Naishápúr.
The competition being by strokes and
not by holes, a bad breakdown would
be irretrievable.

Quatrain 57 contains an indubitable
reference to a bunker—

Who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in.

This is a particularly interesting passage,
as the last word of the first line may
refer either to a hazard on the course
or to the sloc-gin that spoils so many
scores after lunch. The latter theory is
the most probable, as the idea of a
bunker is sufficiently indicated by the
word "pitfall."

Quatrain 62—

Shall he that made the vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy!

is a judicious and temperate comment
upon the painful spectacle of a short-
tempered professional breaking a club
of his own making across his knee.
Vessel, for club, is a very happy example
of Persian imagery.

Quatrains 63, 64—

They sneer at me, for leaning all awry . . .
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!



SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

Visitor. "I'VE BROUGHT YOU A FEW CHOCOLATES. BUT I SUPPOSE YOU ALWAYS HAVE
QUANTITIES OF SWEETS?"
Ethel. "No, I DON'T. I EAT 'EM ALL."

are unequivocal references to the proto-
type of PARK's wry-necked putter, and to
an early controversy about Standardisa-
tion.

Quatrain 75—

One naturally expects that the con-
cluding stanza of a poem, which bristles
with allusions, direct and indirect, to
the Royal and Ancient game, would not
end without a final reference. It is to
be found in the words

. . . the Spot

Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

"Where I made one" may, of course,
be a simple reference to the foursomes,
which were no doubt the Poet's favourite
form of the game. More probably, how-

ever, they used "make" at Naishápúr,
or even throughout Persia, in its modern
American sense, instead of the English
"do." Just as Mr. TRAVIS would talk
of having "made the 'Maiden' in two"
the Poet boasted of having made a
certain hole on his Home Links in one;
and no doubt it was as near to that spot
as the Green Committee would permit
that he chose his resting-grave. This
may be taken as final and conclusive.

A REFORMED public-house has been
opened in New York by Bishop POTTER.
It will, we understand, be known in
future as Bishop Potter's Bar.



LE PIED ANGLAIS.

Bathing Woman (to English Lady). "VOILÀ, MADAME, UNE BELLE PAIRE DE CHAUSSONS." (Noticing disapproval in Visitor's face) "AH, MADAME N'EN VEUT PAS? JE SUIS DÉSOLÉE, MAIS, POUR LE MOMENT, IL NE ME RESTE PAS DE PLUS GRANDS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Chantrey Committee has reported that in its opinion too exclusive a preference has been given in the past to pictures shown at the Royal Academy, and recommends that future purchases be made by a Committee consisting of the President of the Royal Academy, a Royal Academician, and an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Times change. Once the Irish did all they could to annoy us. Now a scheme is on foot to pledge every Member elected for an Irish constituency at the next General Election to stay away from Westminster.

The Army Council has intimated that no facilities are to be given to any foreigners, whether military or civilian, to attend the training of troops or inspect any military establishment. This is just the sort of imitative policy which causes ill-feeling between other nations and ourselves. Fiscal retaliation is another.

We understand that the alleged spy who was arrested at Milford Haven was released because he had not the word "Spy" written in plain characters on the ribbon of his hat.

Clacton-on-Sea, we are informed by a contemporary, has been called the

"Mentone of the East." On the other hand, Mentone sets up no sort of claim to be called the "Clacton of the South."

A valuable hunter, belonging to Mr. DURLACHER, got its hind foot securely fixed in its mouth one day last week, and a veterinary surgeon had to be summoned to its assistance. This recalls the ancient Irish legend of the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it. But that, of course, was a bull.

A band of 500 agricultural labourers, armed with guns and scythes, invaded the estate of the millionaire Count GEORG ALMASSY, near Debreczin, Hungary, the other day, and demanded the equal division of all his property among themselves. As a share had not been reserved for himself, the Count, not unreasonably, refused.

A woman alleged at the West London Police Court that throwing an apple is the coster's method of greeting a friend. There is certainly an expression, The apple of one's eye.

A fair Parisienne has killed a friend for accidentally treading on her dress during a dance, but many ladies take the humaner view that penal servitude for life would have been an ample punishment for such careless behaviour.

Some excitement was caused last week by a soldier confessing that he was guilty of the Peasenhall murder, but, on investigation, it turned out that he was only bragging.

The usually well-informed *Matin* is of the opinion that the *Reshitelny* affair will be settled diplomatically without serious difficulty. It certainly will not lead to the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan.

The *Entente* continues to be a living influence. Two Birmingham youths who were anxious to court the same girl fought a duel with revolvers, and neither was hurt.

The *Boudoir* publishes a list of favourite pets kept by leading ladies in Society. It is characteristic of the present age that not one of these ladies mentions her husband.

NOTE AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—LAMB appreciated SALMON and quoted POISSON. FRESHFIELD's address was about "pastures new."



MISTRESS OF THE SEA.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*Ocean Carrier*). "YOU'RE NOT SENDING ANY OF YOUR GOODS OUT TO THE FAR EAST JUST NOW, MA'AM. HOW'S THAT?" BRITANNIA (*meekly*). "I'M NOT ALLOWED TO." FATHER NEPTUNE. "NOT ALLOWED! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD A NAVY!"

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

II.

(Being a further instalment of Lady VINOLIA VÈRE DE VÈRE'S answers to letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette.)

"I am engaged," writes ARAMINTA, "to a charming young man who is thoroughly eligible in every way, except for the fact that he will wear side-spring boots and side whiskers. He is terribly sensitive to criticism, and I fear that any abrupt expression of my dislike for these practices might cause him to break off our engagement. What am I to do?"

If ARAMINTA is the sensible girl I take her to be she will cheerfully put up with what is, after all, a venial eccentricity. There was a time not so long ago when the dandies invariably wore side-whiskers, and there is nothing immoral in side-spring boots, which are generally worn by Armenians. Perhaps the anonymous birthday present of a patent razor might correct one of these errors of taste.

"I have been invited to spend a week-end with some rich friends on the river," writes ENID. "They play Bridge for high stakes, and what I want to know is this: If I lose more than I can pay, ought I to give I. O. U.s or borrow the amount from the butler?"

I am surprised and pained by the tone of ENID's letter. It is quite true that the poet says, "'Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all," but debts of honour should always be paid immediately. If ENID is unable to face the risks of gambling, she should abstain from its fearful joys and content herself with the simpler pleasures of the Ping-pong saloon or the polo links.

LORNA writes despairingly:—"I have been engaged for six years to J. J., and see no prospect of our being married unless I can earn an independent income of at least £75 a year. I have written a novel of about 200,000 words, and should like to submit it to you for a candid opinion."

Before embarking on a literary career or forwarding your MS. I should strongly advise you to try some employment in which there is a more immediate prospect of remuneration. The success of the Missionary toffee movement induces me to suggest that you should try jam-making. It is true that there is very little profit on home-made jam unless it is made in large quantities, but Rome was not built in a day, and I am sure that with the powerful incentive that you possess it would not be difficult to work up a large connection with hotels, restaurants, tea-shops, &c. Remember that much depends upon a good name,

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, P.C., 1ST EARL OF STRATAGEM AND DODGERY.
(BARON STYMIE IN THE PEERAGE OF SCOTLAND.)

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, a patent self-righting, non-capsizable premier in pincenez, hypnotic in charm, elusive nebuly in debate, preraphaelite in languor, clutchant lapellois of reveres, chaotic hazy rotten in arithmetic, downy lary, crafty to the last, agile in closure. (Motto: "Icant adsum sorsub tractem"); 2nd, a dabby neurotic sole floppant, holding hysteric converse with kindred soles, socially conjoined in sympathy all proper turned up passé. (Motto: "Place not souls for me"); 3rd, under a chief wily noncommittal, premier on sufferance, a fiscal unicorn (with a really almost imperceptible tax on his last syllable) urgent crusade on the hustle, debriused and bunkered cheeky asquithois proper, invincibly chirpy jaunty cependant shewing sangfroid on the surface; 4th, a British lion hopelessly obfuscated and befogged, rampant purpure in fury, finding himself fiscally jockeyed proper in blinkers. Crests: 1st, a Parliamentary guillotine (successfully revived at Westminster by the present peer as a substitute for all Parliamentary prescience and business foresight); 2nd, a presiding military genius proper, of deep strategical insight and vast experience, who combines in himself the great fighting qualities of Caesar, Napoleon, Marlborough, Moltke, and Howard Vincent. (There is a rumour that he is constructing round the British coast a formidable series of philosophic redoubts which will render our shores practically impregnable.) Supporters: Dexter, a publican proper, lively in spirits, after compensation or; Sinister, a member of the British Association, spectacled and ear-trumpeted all proper, habited sable, conscientiously endeavouring to get the hang of a recent eloquent piece of cerebral gymnastics at Cambridge. Second Motto: "An Englishman's (public-house is his castle)." Additional Motto (thrown in): "(B)ung je serviray."

Seats—Fischal Stymie, Tarriff, N.B.; Soldham Neatly, by Suttle, Devizes; Dunham Hall, Fineleigh-in-the-Eye; Creditand, Prestige-on-the-Wane.

Clubs—The Clique, Niblick's, Driver's, Brassie's, etc.

such, for example, as "Lorna's Gladstone Gooseberry Jam."

"I keep company with a young lady," writes ROLAND, "who is about fourteen inches shorter than myself. She will not face the impertinent gaze of the public, therefore we are bound to go in unfrequented streets. This is most annoying, and I have suggested to her that she should go in for athletics, so as perhaps to increase her height. She will not listen to me. It therefore falls on me to find how I can reduce my own height, as I cannot increase hers."

To begin with, banish all such foolish ideas as tampering either with her

height or your own. Even were it possible to lessen your own height, or increase hers, the difference could only be so tiny as to be worthless. You are not the only tall man who has been married to a short woman—Antony and Cleopatra is, of course, the classic instance—and if your love is not strong enough to put up with such trifles as the stares of the public, it ought to be. It would be a harsh world if we allowed our loves to be interfered with by so very absurd an influence.

LADY VINOLIA.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH PROBLEM.—Are Wee Free or are U. Free?

SOCIETY WHISPERS FROM THE STATES.

[Two well-known Philadelphia society men have recently fought a prize-fight of twenty-five rounds in a private room. At the end of the twenty-fifth round one of the pair was knocked out.]

From the "New York Society Slogger":—

"TOUGH TED" ROOSEVELT, who is open to fight all comers for the championship of the States, is in strict training at the White House for his forthcoming contest with "JUDGE" PARKER. TED was in rare shape when our representative called at his training quarters. He wrestles twice a day with the Trust problem, and improves his hitting by punching cows. Of the JUDGE's qualifications for championship honours little is known. His previous experience in the ring has been limited to his contest with "KID" HEARST, when, it will be remembered, he obtained the decision on points. He is training on a course of sea-water baths. Those who have means of knowing state that he is getting on swimmingly.

An eye-witness of DAN SULLY's last performance in the ring says that, though knocked out on that occasion, the Cotton man is still to be reckoned with. He is game. Our correspondent was greatly struck with the rapidity with which he left his corner when time was called.

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH's At Home on Friday last was a genuine success. The event of the evening was, of course, the twenty-round contest between "CORN" VANDERBILT and "BILL" GILLETTE. The histrion had height and reach in his favour, but the nightly doses of morphia which he was compelled to inject while playing *Sherlock Holmes* in London have had their inevitable effect on his stamina; and "CORN," after having the worst of some exchanges at long range, bored in and rattled his man with heavy hooks at the body. At the end of the fifteenth round the tall and brainy mummer was compelled to throw up the sponge. The winner, it is interesting to note, was trained by his fascinating hostess exclusively upon larks' tongues on toast.

One of the first sights shown to visitors, when they have seen enough of GRANT's tomb and the Statue of Liberty, is Wall Street, where "PIERP." MORGAN is now training for his next deal. This tricky fighter gets himself into condition by hustling around and lifting British trade. He has nearly recovered from the nasty jar he sustained in his failure to get control of the White Star Line, and intends for the future not to risk his reputation in such purely "exhibition spars."

Admirers of "OILY" ROCKEFELLER's

style will be sorry to hear that he has not yet got the new interior for which he advertised recently. This interferes greatly with his work in the ring. His opponents complain that he can no longer put down the steaks.

The battle between JAMES J. JEFFRIES and Mrs. CARRIE NATION was a complete fiasco, neither of the principals being able to come to an agreement on the subject of the rules. JEFFRIES holds that he had a perfect right to object to Mrs. NATION using her hatchet, and he claims the purse. To appease the disappointed audience, who had begun to hoot loudly, Mrs. NATION gave an exhibition later in the evening at TOM SHARKEY's saloon on East Fourteenth Street, where her science and hard hitting won great applause from all but the proprietor, who is suing for damages.

MR. BALFOUR ON GOVERNMENT.

OWING to a confusion between the shorthand outlines for the words "electrical" and "electoral," "electron" and "elector" respectively, the Premier's Inaugural Address to the British Association at Cambridge has been badly misreported. *Mr. Punch*, however, has been enabled to supply an amended version of the more salient passages of Mr. BALFOUR's interesting allocution. It should, therefore, run as follows:—

Two centuries ago the electoral system seemed but a scientific toy. It was fifty years before its effects were perceived in ADAM SMITH; a hundred years before it was detected in the form of Jacobinism; one hundred and twenty years before it was connected with repeal of the Corn Laws; one hundred and seventy years before it was associated with obstruction and all-night gas-bag radiation. But to-day there are those, the protagonists of the electoral theory of statecraft, who regard Parliament as the mere appearance of which the electors are the physical basis. Such theorists think that the M.P. or atom is himself but a collection of monads or electors, that these representatives differ in the number and arrangement and relation of their electors, and that on those differences depend the various qualities of Members. While in most cases these atomic personages may maintain their equilibrium for periods that seem almost eternal, yet they are not less obedient to the law of change than the party system itself.

But if the Government is a grouping of atoms, and atoms are a system of electoral monads, what are these electoral monads? It may be that, as has been suggested, they are but a modification of gas, a modification roughly comparable to a whiff or escape of gas. Whether that is

accepted or not, it is certain that these electoral monads cannot be considered apart from gas. Without it an electoral theory of obstruction is impossible. Surely here is the most extraordinary of revolutions. . . . We can no longer hold that, if the internal energy of a party is as far as possible converted into heat which can be radiated away in by-elections, then the party's whole energy will be exhausted—on the contrary, the amount thus lost will be absolutely insignificant compared with what remains stored up within the separate atoms. They will be side by side without movement, without affinity, yet each, however inert in external relations, will be the theatre of violent forces, by the side of which those that shatter a world and reveal it as a flaming star to the astronomer's telescope are negligible.

The insignificant M.P. is now no more than the relatively vast theatre in which the electoral voters perform their evolutions; while the monads or voters themselves are not regarded as units of intelligence but as units of political wire-pulling. So that intelligence in the democracy is not merely explained, but explained away. . . .

In common, therefore, with all living things we seem to be practically concerned with the feebleness of nature and with statesmanship in its least powerful manifestations. Party affinity and cohesion are, on this theory, no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electoral forces which keep the atom in his seat. . . . Yet this prodigious Imperial mechanism seems outside the range of our immediate party interests. We live merely on its fringe. It has no promise of utilitarian value; we cannot harness it to our penny buses. Yet not less does it stir the imagination. It awakens an acute intellectual gratification, a satisfaction almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. . . . Our knowledge of statesmanship is based on illusion.

MR. SWIMBURNE'S LATEST.

[Music may be used to cheer HAGGERTY (across the Channel). "If a musician is playing something lively on the tug, I shall forget I am swimming."—*Daily Mail*, August 18.]

RIDE a cock-horse
(Or train, Charing Cross)
To see a brave swimmer
Burst through a "white horse."
Shields on his eyelids,
And oil on his limbs;
He shall have music
Wherever he swims.

Old Refrain reset for Philosophers at the Meeting of the British Association.—
"Oh, dear, what can the matter be!"



VICE VERSA.

Elderly, but much "made up," Lady. "I DO THINK IT IS SUCH A PITY THAT SO MANY GIRLS NOWADAYS HAVE SUCH OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS!"
 Earnest Youth (thinking this a grand opportunity for a compliment). "Oh, THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS. NOW YOU HAVE, IF I MAY SAY SO, A YOUNG HEAD ON OLD SHOULDERS!"

LILLIAN'S LOVES.

You must understand that this is only a selection of them. LILLIAN has in her time loved nearly everybody—always excepting myself, alas!—so that I can only refer to a few of the later ones.

Not that she did not begin early. Her first affair was at six years old; and he was eight. But since her hair has been up LILLIAN has loved heroes only. (Again always excepting myself.) A few years ago it was W. G. One day he made a century, and she telegraphed as follows to him:

"Dear W. G. C.Y.K. Yours, L."

Of course everyone knows what C.Y.K. means, so presumably W. G. does too. But when he only made three in the second innings LILLIAN confessed that perhaps she had been rather forward. However, as I pointed out, there are other things that K. may stand for.

At the beginning of the year I had a bit of a shock. It was like this. I came to see her one day, and found her deep in the *Sportsman*.

"The poor dear broke his arm," she said. "Isn't it a shame? I'm sure that horrid Russian person did it on purpose."

I felt that I had a duty to perform. For the sake of her mother and herself, I sat down and spoke fluently. In a few molten words I pointed out the inconveniences of Mohammedanism. I touched lightly on the allowance of wives per man to followers of the Prophet, and dwelt strongly upon the disadvantages of Constantinople as a health resort. I also told her what happened in the Bosphorus on dark nights, when one had lost one's popularity.

"You can't be too careful with Turks," I went on. "They want but very little encouragement. I don't know how far you have gone, but a postcard might be quite enough to make him think things. And I'm afraid I couldn't offer to rescue you."

"Why not?" asked LILLIAN. "You aren't afraid of a terrible Turk, are you?"

"No, not afraid," I explained; "but I have a headache to-day."

"The Russian Lion wasn't frightened," said LILLIAN, proudly.

"The papers say he was pale," I pleaded.

"That's only because he hadn't been

out in the sun lately. Ah, there's a man for you!"

And only a minute before she had called him a "horrid person!" I immediately explained that all my remarks about Turks applied (only more so) to Russians; that floating in the Bosphorus with a sack over your head was a mere holiday compared with what habitually occurred in the Baltic.

In this way the situation was saved, but the horror of it impressed me vividly. At last I fancied I saw a way of curing her of these cults. I would make her fall in love with some imaginary person—and then perhaps

after that, but whenever she wrote to me she mentioned Hiroshima. In her last she said, "Would I be a darling, and get her a photo of the dear?" I wired back, "Expect me at four, with photo of Hiroshima."

I arrived punctually with the treasured photograph. Trembling with excitement, LILLIAN opened it. . . .

I don't know if you have ever seen Hiroshima. It's rather an important town on the south coast of Japan, with a population of some thousands. . . . It was a month or more before I was forgiven. (You will notice, please, that I never implied at all that Hiroshima

was a man.)

But she is not cured. Only to-day I was round there, and she began:

"Oh, I say, I'm in love again."

"LILLIAN's way?" I asked, for I have my hopes.

"Yes, of course. Guess who it is."

I nearly said "Port Arthur," but it was too risky; so I contented myself with "KITCHENER?"

"That was last week."

"Of course; I forgot. I expect it's a cricketer. If it's GAUKBODGER, I'm going home."

"No, it's not a cricketer."

"Have you been to the Imperial yet?" I inquired, artfully.

"We're going to-morrow. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't say it's LORD GEORGE SANGER. He isn't a real lord, you know."

"As if that mattered," said LILLIAN, scornfully. "Well, I'll tell you. It's a statesman."

"A what?"

"I mean an M.P. In fact, C—n."

"LILLIAN," I said sadly, "you disappoint me. I did expect

more originality from you. A girl who (under a misapprehension certainly) fell in love with JOHN STRANGE WINTER—now to think of JOE! It's too awful."

"But, my dear boy," said LILLIAN, "of course it isn't JOE. It's C-B."

"C. who?"

"The Right Honourable Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P., P.C."

"C.Y.K.?" I suggested.

LILLIAN blushed.

"No, not yet; but—well, I don't know. You see I only thought of him last night."

So there it is. And she's going to the Imperial to-morrow.



A FEARFUL DILEMMA.

Lady Acquaintance (severely). "WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF WHEN YOU MEET A LADY, AUGUSTUS?"

Augustus (who has put on Pa's hat to come out an awful swell). "I— I—CAN'T GET IT OFF!"

she would see the absurdity of worshipping unseen heroes.

So I spoke often to LILLIAN of the famous Hiroshima.

"Is he nicer than Togo?" she asked, eagerly. "I suppose he is a Japanese?"

"Hiroshima," I said, "is certainly Japanese. Togo simply isn't in it."

"How lovely!" she said, and clapped her hands. "Is he in the Army or Navy?"

"Hiroshima," I said guardedly, "has seen no fighting as yet. But none the less the name is in the mouths of millions. Ah, Hiroshima! could I but see thee!"

I didn't see LILLIAN for some days

NAUTICAL SCHEMES.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

THE spirit of the sea, wilful and wayward as our own, is calling us incessantly, and the spirit of the moment naturally turns towards *toilettes de plage* and *de bain*. To be truly convincing, beach-frocks should be kept as much as possible *au naturel*, sun-tinted zephyrs being much in vogue as cool and refreshing wear. A blonde, however, may always make a noticeable appearance in a vivid blue crash; brunettes will look particularly *chic* simply gowned in coarse oatmeal, and sea-green lawns are effective wear for the girl with warm chestnut tresses. The tall athletic damsel may satisfy herself with a stripe, while the *piquante petite* will always look her best in a small spot, and Messrs. WEARING, Ltd., are showing a very attractive line for seaside wear to suit all figures.

The magnetic attraction of the sad sea waves will be felt by all who are conscious of being attired in persuasive *toilettes de bain*. The changing colours of the eternal ocean form an excellent background to the delicate tints of the modern surf-suit; but undue proximity to the water must be carefully avoided, as there is nothing so fatal to the success of the up-to-date mermaid as the salt spray, so unfortunately prevalent along our coasts. Many inspirations in surf-suits may be seen in WEARING's windows. One little garment in *ciel éolien* with *peau de soie ajouré* will exercise fascinations for *débutante* and *chaperon* alike.

There are regrettable instances where the head of the family chooses the country as a holiday resort; but even in these circumstances surf-suits and shore-cloaks must not be omitted from the outfit, as horse-pool and duck-pond parties are being organised with immense success by sympathetic country hostesses.

ON THE HIGH C'S.

I AND three of my fellow-clerks at PRONGER, RASP & Co.'s determined to strike out a line for ourselves in taking our summer holiday this year. We are all four musical, and we proposed to masquerade as professional minstrels, play on the sands, the beach, before hotels, &c., and so "make" our expenses.

TIMSON alleges that he plays the violin; I am really a fine, though perhaps rather fluky, exponent of the concertina; WORSHOT is a wonder with the bones, and BUSTERCOMBE an honest trier with the trombone.

"Will the instruments go together?" asked TIMSON. "I think the other three will make a splendid backing for the bones," said WORSHOT; and

BUSTERCOMBE undertook to drown every minor defect under his trombone.

I think we all found courage and comfort in this thought, and when we arrived at Shrimington-on-Sea we were full of high hope for the success of our enterprise.

We took the top rooms "back" of a large lodging-house on the Parade. After an excellent shrimp and watercress tea, we started in at once, and had a good "practice."

In the midst of it, the landlady came up, knocked at the door and asked if "any of the gents was ill?"

We re-assured her and she went away, only to return a quarter of an hour later, with information that the rest of the lodgers had given notice to leave, and that the old lady next door had already applied for police protection.

We felt rather discouraged at this. Next morning, about ten o'clock, the hour of low water, we made our initial "pitch" upon the sands. In less than ten minutes, the crowds of holiday-making folk in our immediate vicinity had left.

"Soulless clods!" murmured BUSTERCOMBE, and then he executed a *roulade* on the trombone which made a baby burst into tears, whilst two other small children fled shrieking to bury their heads in their nurse's lap.

"No good going on, here," said TIMSON



A SINGLE FIGURE.

(And likely to remain so.)

irritably, "let's try somewhere else—somewhere where they can better appreciate good—well, fairly good—music."

"We'll play in front of the Hotel," said WORSHOT; then, turning to me, he added: "What's the matter with your concertina?"

I admitted that the instrument had not given me the satisfaction I usually experienced from its strains. It was rather wheezy.

"I—I think it has sprung a leak," I replied hesitatingly.

"Well, try to patch it up," growled BUSTERCOMBE, as he tucked the trombone under his arm and we all moved away.

We "pitched" right in front of the Parade Hotel and tried "*Annie Laurie*."

"Let yourselves go, boys," said WORSHOT in a stage whisper, and we did. Halfway through our first "piece" the Boots of the hotel suddenly appeared in our midst.

"Beg pardon, Guv'nor," he said, addressing me, "but the old gentleman in No. 5 says he ain't in very good 'ealth, and couldn't you go and work off the rest of it somewhere else?"

I ignored this minion's words, and we continued bravely to the end of "*Annie Laurie*." Then I suggested that we should do it again, as we were rather short of music.

At the second bar Boots reappeared.

"Gent in No. 24 wants to know, Sir, if there's any way o' compromisin' the thing? 'E says that if a shillin' an' a pair of old trousis is any use to yer—"

"Go," I said sternly. "If he can't understand music there are others who can."

We worked on for another two minutes, and then the wretched Boots suddenly turned up at my side again.

"Take my tip, Guv'nor, slope and look sharp about it. No. 24's gone for his gun!"

We left hurriedly and in different directions, and in the afternoon up train shook our feet clear of the dust of a place where the grossly materialistic tendencies of the age denied a hearing to errant art.

It is stated that a new theatre is to be erected in Dublin on the site of what was originally a morgue. We hope that the conversion will be thoroughgoing, otherwise deadheads might think they had a vested right to admission.

METHUSELAN IN DISTRESS.—"There is a case at Scarborough at present, in which it is stated that a young man who has been admitted to the workhouse has run through a fortune of £3000 in as many years."—*Evening Press* (Edinburgh).

THE FORCE.

(From the Provinces.)

You see him strolling down the street in staid official blue, Now pausing for a friendly chat, now studying the view, Now deep in nothing? Yes, it is the Constable, of course, Or call him by the name he loves, *videlicet*, The Force. He represents the majesty of Law, the State, the Throne; Our lives, our peace, our property depend on him alone, Our guardian angel—Ah, but stay! he scorns not honest ale, And o'er a glass of foaming Bass himself shall tell the tale. "Ou ay, Sir, things are quiet the noo—no what they used tae be:

The fishers and the caddies whiles they fecht and drink a wee,

But 'twasna them that troubled us—the Majors war the rub, An' a' thae goufin' gentlemen that hang about the Club.

Eh, Sirs, 'twas waesome! Ilka nicht there wad be acht or ten

A' wantin' hame but cudna get, they war sae fou, ye ken;

An' whiles I've seen the Force at wark the best pairt o' the nicht

In pickin' up the gentlemen an' sortin' them a' richt.

Noo, aince there was a banquet comin' aff, an' weel I kent

What sic an entertainment tae thae thirsty Majors meant,

Sae I wrote for reinforcements, an' they sent without delay

A man wha'd been in business in the heavy porter way.

Weel, when the nicht was wearin' on, awa' we gaily went,

Each wheelin' down a barrow that the stationmaster lent.

Eh! what a sicht, Sirs! what a sicht! Sure never mortal een

In a' this warl' o' sinners ever gazed on such a scene.

There war Majors on the table, there war Majors on the floor,

An' Majors in the passages an' mair ahent the door.

We took them up atween us jist as tenderly as eggs,

I grippin' them ahent the airms an' WULLIE by the legs;

We laid them on the barrows an' I labelled them a' roun',

An' staired aff the laddie tae deliver roun' the toun.

Jist hoo the muddle cam' about I really cudna say,

For I was ge' an' fou mysel', an' sae was WULLIE tae;

But onyways they a' got mixed an' jumbled up thegither,

An' when he left the bodies wrang, guideakes, Sir, what a swither!

Aweel, he'd wrought an oor or mair, an' noo was weel wi' sweat,

But no a blessed Major had he got delivered yet,

When—mebbe 'twas the change o' air, an' mebbe 'twas the cauld,

Or mebbe 'twas the whusky that he'd stowed intil his hald,

But whisht! he thoct the scene was changed: aince mair he seemed tae be

Wi' a barrow fu' o' jute bales in the docks aboot Dundee.

He stared hard at the Majors—then he stared at them again;

The mair he stared, the mair the thoct took hand upon his brain,

Until he had convinced himsel' beyond a shade o' doot,

An' he staired for the harbour wi' s' imaginary jute.

'Twas there I foun' him hard at wark at half-past twa or three,

A-pitchin' o' thae Majors wully-nully in the sea.

My word, Sir, 'twas a lesson they'll no readily forget,

An' some o' them's rheumatic wi' the consequences yet.

An' gin they gie me trouble noo, as whiles they will o' course,

They quieten down as sune's I hint at doublin' o' the Force."

EVIDENT.—"Very much up just now in London"—the Streets.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has great pleasure in welcoming the third edition, "revised and rewritten," of *Classical and Foreign Quotations* (WHITAKER), by FRANCIS H. KING, M.A. It is a most useful work, especially for those ready writers whose memory occasionally plays them false. Well does the "author-editor-and-teller," three separate functionaries embodied in one, quote as a motto, "*l'exacititude de citer, c'est un talent plus rare que l'on ne pense.*" The anecdotes and remarks illustrating and explaining the quotations are not only instructive but really good reading.



It is obvious, says my Baronite, that had Mr. WEATHERBY CHESNEY never studied *Sherlock Holmes* he would never have written *The Mystery of a Bungalow* (METHUEN). Having made the study, he needn't have made the book.

To the "English Men of Letters" (MACMILLAN) MISS EMILY LAWLESS, *more Hibernico*, adds a study of the life and work of MARIA EDGEWORTH. The work is not forgotten, an account reasonable within the limits of the volume being given. But it is the woman, girl and octogenarian whom her countrywoman—herself distinguished in the world of letters—is chiefly desirous of making known to a generation that no more reads *Tales of Fashionable Life*, *Moral Tales*, *Early Lessons*, *The Parents' Assistant*, or even *Castle Rackrent*. For this last, by the way, which my Baronite agrees with Miss LAWLESS in recognising as the crown of MARIA EDGEWORTH's work, the author received less pecuniary reward than for any other. *Patronage* brought her two thousand guineas from the publisher, who timidly advanced a hundred pounds for the copyright of *Castle Rackrent*. To a generation that knows not MARIA EDGEWORTH it is surprising to learn how, ninety years ago, she was the idol of the book world. London received her with open arms. Paris laid at her feet the tribute of its admiration. Sir WALTER SCOTT mingled personal affection with appreciation of her literary art. She visited him at Abbotsford, and he paid a return visit to Edgeworthstown. "Full of fun and spirit," he describes her in 1823; "a little slight figure, very active, very good-humoured, and full of enthusiasm." "An exceptionally pleasant woman, nay, an exceptionally pleasant Irish woman," is the summing up of patriotic Miss LAWLESS. Like good wine, MARIA EDGEWORTH improved with time, dying in her eighty-third year full of honours, enfolded in the arms of the love of all who had known her, pressed most closely by those who knew her best.

The Baron learns from a recent article in the *Westminster Gazette* that *Old Moore's Almanack* for 1905 is already published. Of course quite the appropriate time for purchasing an *Old Moore* must be in the grouse season. The oft quoted and well-known line under one of the earliest illustrations to *Oliver Twist* could be applied here by a sharp Advertising Stationer, who might display the picture, enlarged, with the legend "*Oliver asks for Moore—and gets it*"—for whatever the price may be. The ancient Seer hears the *Voices Stellarum*, and, with their twinkle reflected in his eye, professes to interpret their warnings and prophecies. It is to be hoped that the rôle of prophet entails no loss.

THE BARON

